Roxbury, Jan. 13, 1874.

My dear Fanny:

I was favored with a letter from Wendell yesterday, and will try to act upon his suggestions; but my memory of experiences and incidents connected with the early stages of the anti-slavery movement is so very poor that I am afraid I cans recall nothing specially worth recording. Nous verrons.

Yours of yesterday is at hand, giving an account of the private concert you attended at Mr. Stone's residence — the reception at Mr. Jones's — the whist party, &c. I should indeed liked to have been with you at the first, if only to have heard Remenyi once more.

I am glad that Helen's violin teacher finds she has a good ear for music, but I am concerned lest the dear child may fail in strength in trying to master so difficult an instrument, and so do herself an injury.

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You must really be careful not to put too great a strain upon her delicate and sensitive organization. How many lessons at school must be quite a task; and if you discover that she shows no special aptitude in handling the violin, or that she does not take a lively interest in practising upon it, do not hesitate to bring the experiment (after a fair trial) to a close.

As Frank wrote to you yesterday, he probably gave you all the local incidents you would care to know about; including, I doubt not, an account of the entertainment at Mrs. Fenno Tudor's residence on Saturday evening. How it passed off you will learn from another source — the printed slip accompanying this. Think of Frank personating a Japanese giant! The tickets were one dollar each.

I also enclose a reply I have made to some criticisms upon a letter of mine which recently appeared in the New York Tribune by the Boston Daily Advertiser, concerning

the state of the South and Hayes's "conciliatory policy." After you have done with it, you will oblige me by putting it into an envelope, and sending it to Gov. Chamberlain.

I also enclose, for Harry, an article relating to a luminous experiment with petroleum; and two or three little trifles for the children.

Mr. Wallcut took tea with us last evening, looking singularly fair and blooming. Mary Wallcut is strenuously endeavoring to find some employment, but thus far has met with no success. She has a faint hope, however, that she may yet be re-engaged at the State House by a new arrangement in regard to State charities, &c.

We have now very good sleighing in the suburbs of Boston.

I am almost well of my cold. Dr. Nichols called upon me this morning.

Your loving Father.

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